

But the tavern continues unaware,
The whales thudding in my heart,
Ready to sound some chapel roof, I count
My whiskies down, o bastard run,

Run til the sharks are underfoot
And the ark's done.

-- Philip R. Hammial

College Park, Maryland

A Feast Of Runes

wounded by my own spear
I hang from the arms of Yggdrasil
shaken by the wind
for nine days and nine nights I wait
you love and dance and sing
your fingers are too drunk
to lace my veins with blood
I must scream through your laughter
and lift these runes that lie below me
I swing my fists
to south to west to north to east
I sip the hydromel
set Time back in motion
take off your heavy boots
dance and sing and love again

-- Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Mass.